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THE NEW CUT.

AN old tailor, who had almost gone out of fashion in his native village, and who pieced out a scanty subsistence by serving as church-officer, was one day asked by the equally aged and obsolete clergyman how it happened that the congregation was now getting so thin. "Are not you aware," said the man of shapes, "that half the parish go over the hill to hear young Ferly o' Ginglekirk?" "Oh, yes, I have heard something of that," replied the minister; "but I cannot understand what they see in that young man more than ordinary—more than in myself, for instance, with all humility be it spoken." "Neither can I, sir," quoth John; "and I would say the same thing of that young chield that has ta'en my trade over my head. But it's just the new cut, sir; it's just the new cut."

The new cut alluded to by honest John was a smarter fashion of attire which a youthful rival had of late years introduced into the town. In John's young days, when tailors worked in the houses of their customers for a groat a-day, the prime consideration was good and sufficient sewing. So that their thread was properly waxed and brought well home, little regard was paid to niceties of shape. The children were supplied with doublets calculated to serve two years without becoming too little; and if the good-man was not positively pinched in any part of his physical system, it did not matter though his coat hung upon him much after the fashion of a sheet over a fire-screen. The artist would thumb the garment a little perhaps in trying it on, give a pinch here and a pull there, here a twitch and there a tug, one button out and another button in—for he allowed, theoretically as it were, that every thing lay in giving clothes a good set; but he always finished by declaring that the article fitted to a very hair; and though the goodwife might occasionally be somewhat critical about the lie of the lapels and the position of the pockets, it was seldom that the first felicitous sketch required to be retouched. Those were the golden days of tailoring; but in time a change came over the art. It in fact became an art. A young man of an ambitious and active turn of mind, who had practised his craft for a twelvemonth in the capital, all at once introduced the new cut into the little burgh. He began to make real coats—coats that the Duke of Leinster might not have been ashamed to describe as such, in the presence of Beau Brummell. He had studied the figures of his customers, and discovered the great secret in tailoring, known to so few of his contemporaries—to make clothes, not sufficiently ample, but sufficiently little. Many good limbs and handsome backs thus broke out, like new lights in science, upon the eyes of the community; and where formerly the human form divine could scarcely have been supposed to exist, Praxiteles or Lawrence Macdonald might have now found it worth while to linger for a week. The old tailors at first treated the improved system with great contempt, and did not think it necessary to take any measures for maintaining their ground against it. "Like all new things," they said, slightly; "run after at first." They openly scoffed at the fine staring prints of gentlemen with jimp waists, and ladies in riding-habits, which their youthful competitor boasted he got down monthly from London, that he might be enabled to keep pace with the progress of metropolitan fashion. A lay figure, on which he exhibited a constantly renewed coat within his shop door, and a waxen boy, whom he kept fashionably attired in his window, were favourite subjects of derision with them. They said he had no more brains than the one, and that it was a pity the other constituted all he could point to in the way of family. They had a decided advantage, we believe, in the matter of wit; but their

customers continued, nevertheless, to leave them, and, even while laughing at the last joke of the old tailors, crossed the street to give their first commission to the new. The ancient style of attire was soon only to be found exemplified on the persons of the neighbouring rustics, and of the poorer class of people in the burgh, who could not afford to have a taste; or at the utmost it clung to the persons of a few superior people, who had a way of disliking whatever was much run after by the bulk of their fellow-creatures. But this only served to make the case the worse. Supported by this minority, miserable as it was, the ancient members of the craft were encouraged to hold out against modern fashions, till they could not have changed without such an injury to their pride as nothing could reconcile them to. Long, long did they console themselves with the reflection of Foote in reference to the crowds which deserted his strut and declamation for the nature of Garrick—"They'll all come back to church again." Much did they plume themselves when, at Martinmas, a ploughman would have his blue duffle shaped out by them, or a gentleman commission them for a pair of overalls, or some other easy article. Reckoning up the two or three old customers who adhered to them, however partially, they would still contrive to make themselves believe that they retained all the more respectable part of the public, while only the light-headed, and those who did not mean to pay, went over to the enemy. But in spite of every self-deluding notion and prognostication, the new cut went on with increased vigour and florescence, while they declined in exact proportion; and in the long-run, the veterans were one by one starved off, and sent to their graves, each bearing, we believe, the figure of a broad-skirted Queen Anne coat engraved on his heart, like a crest patched upon a hammercloth.

It is hardly necessary to point out that there are few departments of professional exertion in which the introduction of a new cut has not wrought similar results, partly through the absolute difficulty which an old dog experiences in learning new tricks, and partly through the obstinate disinclination which the most of us, after being accustomed to any opinion or mode of procedure, feel to changing it. In the law, for instance, there have of late been so many alterations in the forms of process and of papers—all in the way of simplification, too—that an old Scotch writer has become a kind of stranger on the very ground he has paced for forty years, and will be seen running about the Parliament House, beseeching his juniors to inform him of this and that act of sederunt, which he has suddenly found to be inconsistent with his old use and wont. Men thought sharp enough about the year 1790, and who made fortunes by conveyancing and other simple and lucrative work, now find themselves quite obtuse, while striplings of yesterday—mere callants—from acquaintance with all the improved and abbreviated plans of labour, which have latterly been struck out, conquer the earth from all its former conquerors. Every sharp thing is now indeed out-sharpened. If the old booksellers who dealt with Cadell and Davies, and William Creech, were to rise from their graves and resume business, they would find themselves unable to make salt where they had formerly made broth. They would altogether refuse to deal in the low-priced trifles which are now purchased, and nothing else would ever be asked from them. Neither would they advertise—for advertising is not respectable. Accordingly, they would go the way of the old tailors. The same fate would, under the same circumstances, overtake the old authors. They would try to live by publishing, at the same rate with the present sheet, a much smaller one, containing formal essays *On Pride*, *On the Epitaphs of Pope*, *On a Certain Passage in the*

Æneid, relieved by trifling stories of Eudoxus and Flavilla, or allegories respecting the vanity of human wishes; when mankind are craving either strong humorous stimulants as a recreation for their over-laboured minds, or uncompromising inquiries into the means of improving their social condition, and all this in such a form and at such a price as to overpower all scruples of the pocket. The old gentlemen would spend days in polishing their sentences, and putting every thing into the fine cool haze, which in the last century was called taste; when men have agreed to pay for sense alone, and to like it all the better the more clear it's of every thing else. Were a doctor of the old school to revive, he would be no less at a loss. His wig might be right to a hair, his cane unimpeachable, and his system graced with all the authority that famous names could give it; but it is probable that some slapdash fellow in a black stock and blue surt-out, who had a way of performing cures in spite of system, might be accepted instead. He would be asked right down how many patients he saved *per cent.*, and not being accustomed to do business in this arithmetical way, exit cane and bagwig discomfited. Old schoolmasters would find themselves in a still worse dilemma. They would truly be scholars where they came to teach. "Do you fully understand the Madras system?" we can conceive such an individual to be asked. "No; I don't know what it is." "Are you qualified to superintend the *infant* part of the establishment?" "Infant! I never heard of infants at school in my life." "In teaching Latin, whether do you prefer the system of Hamilton or the system of Black?" "I am totally at a loss to know what you mean." "Could you, at extra hours, give lectures upon natural philosophy, exercises in calisthenics, and a few lessons occasionally in political economy?" The only answer is a stare, and the candidate is dismissed, to make room for a young man, formerly an assistant in Mr Wood's Sessional School. The juveniles of the present day have in fact made such an advance upon the old, that the latter, but for the accumulated gains of former and easier times, and similar accumulations of reputation, could never stand for a moment against them. The one accomplishes the better part of his work, while the other had not yet finished his preliminary pinch of snuff.

So far as these disadvantages of the old arise from pure inability to keep pace with the young, they are entitled to commiseration; but surely we are not called upon to extend the same sentiment, in an equal degree, towards that obstinacy which we daily see arraying our seniors against almost every new mode that promises to be a matter of general benefit. Not that all the old are liable to this weakness. Some men contrive to be as young at sixty as others are at half the age. We allude only to those who are really guilty of the habit of cherishing obsolete prejudices. Numberless things which the more prompt and sprightly intellects of the age open their eyes to and find of incalculable benefit, continue to be sneered at by old men of thirty and upwards, till the world is gained from them. They will never allow any thing to be canonical till the time is past for their taking any advantage of it. They prose away at their antiquated lectures, while their pupils, though compelled by ancient rule to listen, have acquainted themselves with something infinitely better, and are more fitted to instruct than to be instructed. Thus almost all the great accessions that have been made to human knowledge have sprung from young, ardent, unchartered minds; and, instead of being even aided, not to say originated, by the conscript fathers of science or literature, have found their chief struggle to be with those very individuals who enjoy the bounty and veneration of the public. Even after new lights

have been generally received and appreciated, how often do we find the best of the elder minds retreating from scepticism which can no longer be tolerated, to a system of carping, quibbling, and jesting, as if a building which could not be overthrown by main force might be undermined by vermin! It is customary to tell young people that they should go as much into the company of their elders as possible; but it would be little, if at all, less advantageous for the old to consort much with the young. Both seem to us alike qualified to improve each other. The young may be in general over sanguine, over eager, and too little inclined to regard expediency. But ten times rather the generous devotion to principle, and the self-abandoning anxiety to realise it, which characterise youth, than the dull hopelessness of good, which too often falls like a blight on the minds of the aged. Let the young keep their minds open to the counsels which veteran experience is qualified to give—always guarding, however, against the fallacy which is so apt to lurk in references from the past to the present, in as far as circumstances may now be different;—but also let the old be alive to the advantage of receiving from the young constant accessions of warm feeling, fresh information, and unsophisticated thought.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ORGANIC REMAINS.

LAST week we presented a sketch of the life of Cuvier, one of the most eminent naturalists in modern times, and whose discoveries both in animate and inanimate matter have given quite a new turn to this interesting and useful branch of science. None of the discoveries of Cuvier were so novel or remarkable in their character as those relating to the organic remains found in the strata which compose our globe. He was among the first who came to the rational conclusion that the world has undergone various revolutions in its component parts, at each change becoming the habitation of different orders of animated creatures. This was reckoned by many a bold theory, but Cuvier had solid data for his conclusions: he appealed to the testimony of the senses.

Let us try to follow this eminent individual in some of his illustrations. The diluvial deposits of mud and clayey sand, mixed with round flints, transported from other countries, and filled with fossil remains of large land animals, for the most part unknown, or foreign to the countries in which they are found—those vast deposits which cover so many plains and fill the bottoms of caverns and clefts of rocks, deposits which took place when the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the ox, and the deer, were the prey, even in our climate and soil of England, of the hyena and the tiger—have been carefully distinguished from the alluvial deposits containing the remains of animals common to the country in which they are found, and are now considered as the most decisive proofs of an immense and ancient inundation. Far beneath the chalky stratum which lies under various alternate layers of marine and fresh-water deposits, there have been found, more especially in England, the remains of gigantic reptiles, including crocodiles and others of the lizard tribe, the remains of an era now unknown—for it is above the chalk, and between it and the era of the general deluge, that the explanation of the earth's history has been sought and found. Lower than these are laid the vast deposits of former vegetables, coal retaining the impression of palms and ferns, which show that even at those depths there was once dry land, although no bones of quadrupeds are found there; whilst lower still the naturalist traces the first forms of existence, the crustaceous animals, zoophytes, and mollusca, of a world yet almost inert and lifeless. From the imperfect forms of fossil quadrupeds, Cuvier thus elicited striking testimony of the early changes of the earth's surface, and materials for the history of its first and darkest periods—those periods concerning which the greatest philosophers had before been content with the mildest speculations. He became, so to speak, the great antiquary of the earth. He learned the characters of that obscure time when first this planet became the abode of locomotive organisations, and established an order of facts bearing a date anterior to that of the history of man, and far before the half-hidden ages of those ancient empires which have themselves become as much the domain of fable as of history. From the burial of many centuries he called up the forms of things unknown, and made them familiar to the present inha-

bitants of the earth, who for once were constrained to admit the evidence of one to whom might almost be applied the designation of the "witness of the deluge."

It is impossible to conceive any grander legitimate subject for the investigation of man than this—a subject, the pursuit of which has rendered us in a manner familiar with the most secret arcana of nature, and laid open the history of the earth almost from the moment when it was called into existence by the fiat of the Creator. But how unbounded must have been the capacity, how fervent the ardour, and how untiring the perseverance, which could lead their possessor to results so sublime, to contemplations so magnificent, from delineating plants, and anatomising insects, fishes, and birds, for his boyish amusements! For it ought not to be forgotten, that although Cuvier carefully studied, and availed himself of the labours of all preceding and contemporary naturalists, his systems of arrangement, to which may mainly be attributed his extraordinary success in every department of the science of natural history, were exclusively his own. The light thrown on geology by Cuvier's researches is in the last degree interesting. The strata called primitive, on which all the others repose, containing no remains of life, teach us by that circumstance that life has not always existed on our planet, and that there was a time when physical forces alone acted on the land and on the sea, in which all the wonders of organisation were subsequently developed. All organised existences were not created at the same time: vegetables seem to have preceded animals; molluscan animals and fishes appeared before reptiles; and reptiles before the mammalia. The species which formed the ancient animal population have been destroyed and replaced by others, and the present animal population is perhaps the fourth series. And it is no less interesting than important to remark how strictly these geological discoveries agree with the Mosaic record of creation. That record distinctly intimates the great antiquity of the earth, in a state of darkness and desolation, compared to the age of man; and amongst all the fossil remains of the ancient strata, not the slightest vestige of man or his works appears. Again and again the workmen in the quarries of Montmartre, in the neighbourhood of Paris, announced the remains of man; but when submitted to the inspection of Cuvier, the true relation of the fossil was established beyond dispute with some lower species. Either man did not exist before several of the revolutions of the globe, or his bones lie yet unburied at the bottom of the present seas; yet that he existed before the last great catastrophe of the deluge, we know from the universal traditions handed down concerning it in every part of the earth, as well as from the oldest record possessed by man. This record, Cuvier observes, bears date about 3300 years before our own time, and it places the deluge 2000 years before its own date, or about 5400 years since. No tradition affords man a greater antiquity than that to which our antediluvian records lay claim; and it is only after the time of that great event that we find men collected into societies, and the arts and sciences springing up. To the evidence thus afforded by civil history, and the inferences drawn from geological researches into the internal strata of the earth, Cuvier added the calculations respecting the periods of certain natural changes actually known to be going on at the present moment upon the earth's surface; such as the progress of sand in the Bay of Biscay, which annually advances sixty feet, and must reach Bourdeaux in about two thousand years; the gradual burying up of whole and once fertile districts of Egypt, by the drifting of sands, which have already entombed temples and cities within a space of time, with the leading events of which we are, by history, in a great measure familiar. These, and innumerable other circumstances, are all brought to bear on the theory of the last great revolution of the earth. Every where, and however interrogated, observes Cuvier, nature speaks the very same language, and tells us by natural traditions, by man's actual state, by his intellectual development, and by all the testimony of her works, that the present state of things did not commence at a remote period. He agrees, he says, with the opinion of M. M. Deluc and Dolomieu, that if there be any thing determined in geology, it is, that the surface of this globe was subjected to a great and sudden revolution not longer ago than 5000 or 6000 years; that by this catastrophe was caused the disappearance of countries formerly the abode of man and of animals now known to us; that the bottom of the sea of that time was left dry, and upon it were formed the countries now inhabited; and that, since that epoch, the few of the human race who were spared, have spread themselves over the world and formed societies. But he also believes that the countries now inhabited, and which that great catastrophe left dry, had been at some for-

mer period inhabited, the abode at least of land animals, which were destroyed by some previous deluge; and that they had even suffered two or three such visitations, which destroyed as many orders of animals.

THE STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.

EXCEPTING the famed case of Baron Trenck, and that of some of the prisoners of the Bastille, no instance of excessive barbarity in shutting up an innocent human being in a dungeon, that has been made known in modern times, can be compared with that of Silvio Pellico, an individual whom we are about to bring under the notice of our readers. The name of Silvio Pellico is familiar to the reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author, is reflected in all his writings. Somewhere about fifteen years ago, this amiable person, whose life was wholly devoted to literary pursuits, fell under the suspicions of the Austrian authorities, who keep possession of the Italian states, in which he dwelt as a citizen. These suspicions, instigated either by a misconception of the character of Signor Pellico, or by some base informer, were at length direfully demonstrated. On the assumption of his being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, he was arrested at Milan in October 1820, and, without a moment's notice, transferred from the society of a numerous circle of relations and friends, to solitary confinement in the prison of St Marguerite. This was a dreadful blow to the hopes of one who at the time formed a rising ornament in the literature of his country.

The first day of Pellico's imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The jailor, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised him to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." But here the jailor was in error; Pellico possessed moral energies much better suited to sustain him in his misfortunes than the temporary stimuli of liquors. He was now left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the jailor's feet as they tramped along the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. Evening approached, and he now thought of home and of his mother. These reflections were agonising, and, sitting down on his hard couch, his heart was relieved by a flood of tears. He wept like a child.

A few days' experience of his imprisonment led him into a state of greater cheerfulness. The turnkey afforded him the use of a Bible, and from this source he drew much that was calculated to elevate and soothe his feelings. He also found a friend on the outside of his cell. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived altogether in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court. The deaf and dumb boy, young as he was, felt interested in Pellico; he gambolled and danced to amuse him, and for his exertions he was rewarded by a share of the prisoner's allowance of bread. Pellico longed to educate this good-hearted child, and to rescue him from his abject condition. But this wish was vain. Pellico was shortly removed to a distant cell, and saw no more of his young friend; and on the night of the 18th of February 1821, he was roused from his bed, ordered to come forth, and in a few minutes he found himself in a rapid-driving vehicle along with a body of police. In two days he arrived in Venice, and was immediately confined in the prison called the Piombi, a huge edifice, once the residence of the doge. Here, lodged in an upper chamber, from whence he could but catch a glimpse of the square below, he felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. At first the jailor, his wife, and family, took some little interest in his fate. They heard he had been a tragic poet; and seeing that he was of a mild demeanour, they commiserated his confinement; and when the daughter and her two brothers brought him his coffee or his meals, they would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity.

It was, however, only on rare occasions that he was thus attended, and in a short time he was almost wholly deserted by his fellow-creatures, his food being pushed in to him in his cell by an official. Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, and the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and stings of these creatures almost

drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore up against all these miseries. He determined, if possible, to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen, and ink, by the jailor, but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the jailor approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his legal allowance of ink and paper.

At times, again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "Esther of Engaddi," and "Iginia of Asti," and four cantiche, "Tancredi," "Rosilde," "Eligi e Valafredo," and "Adello," with many other sketches of poems and dramas—among others, one on the league of Lombardy, and another on Columbus—attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst every thing calculated to paralyse the intellect and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the legal supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dried fruits had been brought to him. Sometimes, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when some coffee was brought to him.

In the meantime, what was called a commission was deliberating on the case of Signor Pellico and some other individuals who had been seized and imprisoned on the same accusation; and the examinations which he underwent almost drove him to frenzy, for he was entirely innocent of any crime, and he groaned in anguish under the oppression heaped upon him. On the 11th of January 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. On the 21st of February he was brought before this dread tribunal. "Silvio Pellico," said the president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration, "your sentence has been a terrible one—it is death; but it has been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor: and you are now sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia." "The will of God be done!" replied the unfortunate man. The indignities offered to Signor Pellico were not yet completed. He was told, that, along with Signor Maroncelli, the only one who was condemned at the same time as himself, he should appear on a scaffold in public to have his sentence read in presence of the people. Next morning, accordingly, he and his friend, whom he now met for the first time since the day of his confinement, were put into a gondola, and reconducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazzetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the stair from which they descended to the scaffold, along which they walked. It was surrounded by an immense multitude, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, controlled the expression of their feelings. An officer now appeared on the balcony of the palace with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but renewed more loudly at the conclusion—"condemned to the *carcere duro*;" Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." And thus the ceremony terminated. It may be necessary to explain that the words *carcere duro* signified imprisonment, accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. This may be considered a pleasant sort of punishment in comparison with that which is termed *carcere durissimo*, which implies that the prisoner is to be chained to the wall in a dungeon, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and that his food is to be only bread and water.

We now follow these unhappy objects of commiseration to their place of confinement in the fortress of Spielberg in Germany. Arrived at this strong castle, they were put into separate cells, and ordered to submit without murmuring to the rules of the prison. These regulations were of the most stern and savage nature. The journey from Venice across the Alps had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution; yet he was compelled to lie on the bare stones of his subterranean apartment, and was allowed only the coarsest food. He in vain applied for the use of some of the sheets he had brought with

him: it was contrary to the rules. At last the visiting physician sanctioned his removal from the subterranean cell to the floor above, and ordered a mattress; and this, after a special application to the governor of the province, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two, Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a sheet as rough as haircloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened the chains to his ankles, he observed to the jailor, "that he might have been spared the trouble, as the poor gentleman did not appear to have two months to live." After being thus manacled, no indulgence was afforded except a walk twice a-week for one hour, between two guards, upon a platform on the battlements of the castle. It was with difficulty that the invalid could drag himself and his chain as far as the platform; and once arrived there, he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossiped together. Both were good-natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages, while Pellico lay on the grass and listened to his harangues, which assisted in breaking the monotony of his hours of imprisonment.

When Pellico and Maroncelli were brought to Spielberg, it contained many other Italians accused of conspiring against the Austrian authority in Italy; but these one by one were released by death, being killed by the horrid nature of the confinement; and at last Pellico and his friend were almost the only prisoners who remained alive. One comfort was now allowed to Pellico: Maroncelli was permitted to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both by this indulgence. The emperor had promised at the period of their condemnation that the days of their imprisonment should be reckoned by twelve hours each, instead of twenty-four a roundabout way of promising that they should be confined only half the time for which they were sentenced. This declaration helped to buoy up the minds of the prisoners. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their incarceration; but December passed, and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too passed away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime, the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse: leeches, caustics, fomentations, were tried in vain—they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, in his narrative, from whence these details are drawn, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but oh! how much did I suffer for him! The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that the knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and serenity—Ah! the sight of this agonised me beyond expression!

Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did every thing to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me. His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any farther opinion of his own. A moment afterwards the superintendent entered, and said to Maroncelli, 'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

'I hope,' replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it, by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'

'Amputation, signor!—except that, seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?'

'Of death? And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course? Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained—'

'What! is a permission necessary? 'Yes, signor.'

In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room: he asked

me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me at least do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. Our confessor came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say our barber surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions, the other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been dispatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

The patient was seated on his bedside, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look; then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear.

The cure was completed in about forty days, after which, Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison. Here they resumed their monotonous and painful dungeon existence. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned, and eight and a half since he had been consigned to the vaults of Spielberg. A gleam of compassion seemed now to have shot through the heart of the Austrian monarch. The resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate touched his feelings. On Sunday, the 1st of August 1830, while the prisoners were preparing their table for their miserable meal, Wegarth, the superintendent, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed to them more courteously than usual; then taking a paper from his pocket, he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour of announcing to you, that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—" Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books, or less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me, then,' said he. 'No, signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both, and also for another of the Italian prisoners.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralise the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

'Are you silent?' said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them. We conversed till evening, when a soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years during which I had looked on no such spectacle. After four days, the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor.

The journey towards Italy need not be described. It excited both pleasing and painful reflections. "My

depression of spirits," says Pellico, "increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep! Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but, alas, they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy!"

The parting of the two friends after years of confinement, on each proceeding to his respective home, was one of the most agonising circumstances which attended their liberation. It was on the 16th of September 1830, that a final permission was given to Pellico to go where his choice directed. "And from that moment," he adds, "I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards! I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy group. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was—I am—the most enviable of mortals."

A FEW DAYS IN FRANCE.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

THE French, as I have said in the preceding article, are still strangely behind their British neighbours with respect to a great number of comforts and conveniences, particularly about their dwellings; but in estimating these deficiencies it should be kept in mind that the genius and habits of the people are very different from what we in this country consider to be the standard of perfection. If the Parisian has a poorly furnished house, it must be recollected that his principal pleasure does not consist in sitting at home by the fireside, but in spending his spare time in coffee-rooms, public gardens, theatres, or other places of general resort. A large portion of the male population, to use a familiar expression, seem to put off a great deal of time doing nothing. In all parts of England the struggle for existence is prodigious; it is the genius of the people to be busy—to seek for something to do—and if possible to make money. London exhibits the most perfect spectacle of human industry—industry often carried the length of destroying both soul and body. They manage these things very differently in France.

Paris has a sort of a bustle in two or three streets—that is, the very narrow pavements are tolerably crowded with passengers; and there is a dashing along of gigs and coaches; but all that is exhibited in this way is hardly worth speaking of. The prevalent characteristic is dawdling—doing little or nothing. Possibly the reader may be inclined to inquire how the people contrive to live, if they thus spend so much of their time in idleness. This is a question that I profess my inability to answer with entire satisfaction. It would seem, in the first place, that the gentry and trades-folks are contented to live on a much less expensive scale than the same classes in this country. They can purchase many little luxuries and enjoyments at a trifle, and for these they forego the pleasure of accumulating either a fortune or a competency for old age. In other words, the French live as they go along through life, while the English prefer to drudge

* During the long imprisonment of Signor Pellico, he composed a small work upon the moral duties of life, which has been translated into English by Mr Roscoe; and the pure spirit of religion, humanity, and Christian charity which it breathes, is the strongest attestation of the innocence and the excellence of character of the author. His narrative is written in a similarly gentle tone; he never utters a reproach, but carries his forbearance to an extreme almost unjustifiable. The narrative has been well translated by a writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, whose graceful language we have partly adopted in our abridgement.

through their youth and manhood, and defer living till their old days. This sentiment accounts for a great deal of the difference of system in the two countries. There is another way of accounting for the peculiarity. In Paris, indeed in every part of France that I visited, a very large proportion of the duties incumbent on the human being for gaining his subsistence, are performed by women. This I take to be the most striking feature in the organisation of society in France. Wherever I went, I found women conducting business and executing the work of artisans. There is hardly a shop in Paris that is not kept by a woman. No matter what is the trade, there you see a female behind the counter. I went one day into a respectable shoemaker's shop in the Rue St Honoré, to purchase a pair of shoes, and in this shop there were four or five women at work, and but one man, who was a subordinate. Even in the drug and the gunsmiths' shops, women are found in attendance. It appeared to me that all these shopwomen were exceedingly industrious. When no customer is in the shop, they are always engaged in sewing. In the watchmakers' shops, women are likewise seen working, and they may also be seen engraving copperplates. All the coach or diligence offices in Paris and elsewhere are chiefly kept by women; and it will be remarked, that women are placed within the wickets at the doors of the theatres to take the money and issue checks. In every coffee-room, a lady acts as president and clerk, and fulfils the duty of matronising the establishment, and rendering it fit for the entrance of female customers. It would be needless to specify further in what respect women are employed in transacting business: there are few establishments without them. They are initiated into the management of trade, commerce, and agriculture. They do every thing. There is thus no wonder that the female sex exert that influence in public affairs in France, which has for many years been attributed to them. It is more a matter of astonishment that they have not long since insisted on having an ostensible share in the administration, for it must be allowed they have wrought well for the honour.

It may be said without a joke, that, in setting the women to work for them, the French have discovered a principle for supporting a population not dreamed of by the most sage political economists. Yet our neighbours hardly deserve any credit for this felicitous discovery. Their employment of women in all kinds of businesses in the place of men, has most probably originated in the long course of civil and external war in which the nation has been engaged. During these wars, so exhaustive of the male population, the management of the country must at times have been thrown almost entirely into the hands of the women, without whose interference the nation would have gone to wreck. So inveterate has the practice become, that even in times of profound peace the female sex continue to be, to all appearance, the principal breadwinners in the country. While it is impossible to regard the industry of the French females without admiration, there is every reason to conclude that it is productive of the very worst results. It leaves too much spare time to the male population, which they devote to a sauntering and gossiping unworthy of the sex. It has obviously a much worse effect still; for it enables them to squander a large proportion of their time, not to speak of money, upon figuring in uniforms, belts, and cartridge-boxes, out of which no good can come. Wherever you go in Paris, you see clusters of the national guard—a species of volunteers—loitering at the doors of guardhouses and in the fronts of public buildings. A great number of these men are shopkeepers and tradesmen—at least nominally so—whose wives are conducting their business in order to support their families, which would otherwise starve, or be very poorly off. I cannot but condemn this system of things as a social anomaly of the worst kind: it is most degrading to the female sex, and there can be no doubt that it tends vastly to keep France in an unsettled condition. No country can expect to attain opulence, and the blessings of tranquillity, where the management of affairs is committed to women, and where the male part of the population are ever ready and willing to spend days, weeks, and months, on the foolery of soldiering, the most mischievous of all kinds of idleness.

It has been mentioned by some writers that the continued exhaustion of the better part of the male population in France has caused a degeneracy in the physical proportions of the race. I cannot say that I

remarked any thing of this nature, except in the case of the soldiers in the regiments of the line. These troops appear to be composed of a poor stunted race of beings, and are in general very inferior in stature, bulk, and aspect, to the soldiers in the British army. When viewed side by side with the national guards, they have a very shabby appearance. It should nevertheless be stated, that much of the miserable appearance of the French soldiers is owing to their dress, which is neither of good materials nor well fitted. In looking along the ranks at a parade, you will see many of the men with glaring patches of red cloth on the knees of their faded trousers. I do not remember ever seeing such an exhibition of mendings in the British regiments. The want of gloves has also a mean effect. While on this subject, I cannot help remarking what appeared to others as well as myself a strange fancy in the arrangement of the accoutrements of the soldier: this is the extraordinary length of the belts from which are suspended the bayonet or sword and cartridge-box, by which these things hang down nearly as low as the hollow behind the knee, and bump against the leg at every step. This clumsy practice makes the French soldiers look like so many boys dressed up in the harness of grenadiers. The officers in the French army do not seem much better dressed than the privates, from whom they cannot easily be distinguished, which many will conceive to be an improvement in the practice of the military profession.

It will appear to the visitor of Paris that the troubles in France for the last forty years have had the effect of producing a marked generalisation of the ranks of society. There is little that is high or haughty, and as little that is abjectly poor. Society has been smoothed down to a great middle class, and the proportion of well-dressed people in Paris seemed to me to be greater than in London or Edinburgh. The bulk of the French are indeed much more respectable in appearance than they are usually represented to be amongst us. I have already said that decorum of manners is much more conspicuous in the French than the English towns; and in connection with this observation, I may mention that there is obviously a greater taste for literary recreation. The number of shops in Paris fitted up as reading-rooms is enormous. In all places are seen people—men and women, young and old—reading books or newspapers. You see the seats and walks in the public gardens occupied with readers, and you will often observe the sentinels sitting at the doors of the palaces perusing a volume or a newspaper. All this is certainly indicative of an activity of mind, a degree of intelligence, which could not from other circumstances have been expected in the French character.

From what has come under my own observation, I am inclined to believe that the British still labour under many prejudices regarding their French neighbours, which it is time for them to abandon. Whatever the French may have been at one period, they do not now exhibit that love of frivolity which many heedlessly attach to their character. They are a considerably sobered people; and gravity or thoughtfulness has in the present day assumed the place of those smirks, smiles, grimaces, and shrugs, which are said to have characterised them under the ancient regime. By those who are better entitled to judge than I am, they are considered to be rapidly improving and Anglicising. Their scholastic education is daily extending in usefulness; their soldiers, besides showing a fondness for reading, are forming themselves into associations resembling our mechanics' institutions or schools of arts, under the patronage of their officers; and it is gratifying to learn that savings' banks are progressively increasing in number and the amount of their deposits, while the dependence on lotteries and gambling tables is undergoing a corresponding decline. In one of the shops of Paris I noticed a steam-engine at work, grinding chocolate or some such material; and I accepted this circumstance as one among others which certified that an improvement was taking place in the useful arts. All that the French really want is the permanent establishment of peace and good order. These secured, all kinds of improvement will naturally follow; among these beneficial alterations, the greatest of all would be the abandonment of that profitless military mania which is so deplorably mischievous, as respects both the interest of the nation and of individuals.

I could not help remarking on different occasions that there is an agreeable easiness of manner in conversational intercourse betwixt the two sexes in France,

which is seldom witnessed in this country. In Great Britain, there appears to be a constant dread of doing or saying something which is improper. A young woman is afraid to speak her mind or give her opinion freely in a company where there are gentlemen, and there is little wonder that she is so diffident, seeing that many silly young men make a practice of quizzing and satirising any marks of intelligence displayed by the younger part of the female sex. Besides being afraid of this species of notice, our young ladies always seem deeply impressed with the fear of speaking to any one of the other sex, whose fortune, rank, and family, they are not thoroughly acquainted with. Perhaps this is on the whole a very commendable practice, though it may be carried to a ludicrous extreme. The French ladies seem to have a happy knack of speaking freely to a stranger, without fearing that he will entrap them into an elopement, or that they will lower their dignity by conversing with him on terms of simple courtesy or politeness. I was particularly struck with this unaffected cordiality of manners on the following occasion:—One day, while travelling in the diligence—not the imperial—I experienced considerable annoyance from a matter in one sense trivial. The weather was beautiful and serene, the apple-trees by the roadside were bending under loads of ripening fruit, the country here and there showed glimpses of secluded villages situated in the bosky dells, and the whole scenery of earth and sky seemed but a finely tinted picture spread out to please the eye of the traveller. As the day drew to a close and shut out this agreeable prospect, the heat in the diligence became inconvenient, though perhaps only to myself. My feet most unfortunately swelled in my boots, and I experienced no small degree of pain. Buoyed up with the idea that I would be able to get at my slippers in my luggage as soon as the vehicle rested at one of the towns we were to pass through, I continued to sit out the misery. The vehicle at length stopped; I spoke to the conducteur, who either would not or could not comprehend my poor smatter of French. My wish to get at my travelling-bag was, however, comprehended by a young French lady who sat opposite to me. She addressed me in English, and begged that I might allow her to act as my interpreter. I viewed her as an angel from heaven sent to my relief. No sooner had I told her my situation, than she became deeply interested, and promised me all the aid in her power when the diligence stopped for supper at a town where she was to leave us.

We now entered freely into conversation together upon all kinds of topics; and at last, in the openness of her heart, the young lady made me acquainted with part of her history. She mentioned that she had been absent from France for four years, as a governess in England, and that now she was on her way home to see her "father and mother, and sisters and brothers; and oh she was so very happy; her heart was all flutter; she was greatly agitated; for she was now very near the town where her papa did stay; and he was to be waiting for her; and he was such a good, good papa; he had suffer a great deal; and had he been rich as he once was, his dear Louise should never have gone to be amongst stranger." It was impossible not to be affected by such a burst of tender feeling. As the lagging diligence pursued its heavy way in the darkening night, the amiable young Frenchwoman became every minute more agitated with the anticipation of seeing her parents, and the happy home in which she had been nursed while a child. Eight, nine, and ten o'clock passed. The diligence was to reach the town of S— at half-past ten, which period at length arrived. As the vehicle lumbered across the drawbridge at the outskirts of the fortified walls, the feelings of Louise found an audible expression—"Oh, my poor heart; it is almost break with joy;" and when the diligence was brought to a stand, by the harsh cry of "passport" from an official in a cocked hat, who held a lantern forth to get a view of the passengers, her agitation rose to the utmost stretch. But her anxiety did not remain long unrequited. While delivering our passports for examination, the thin silvery-toned voice of an aged gentleman was heard asking something of the conducteur. He was seeking for his child Louise. "Ah! papa, c'est moi!" cried Louise from the window of the diligence. I need hardly tell how soon the door was flung open; it was the work of a moment, and the happy Louise was clasped in the arms of her equally if not still more happy father. Every thing for the time was evidently forgotten by the young lady but the delight of arriving among her friends; and as the diligence went on its way towards the inn where we were to rest for a few minutes, I concluded that the embraces of her parents would efface all recollection of the promise which she made to me some hours before. I am glad to say, for the sake of the French character, that I was wrong in my conjectures. The coach was no sooner brought to a pause, than the kind-hearted Louise came up with breathless haste, followed by her relations. She had run for nearly half a mile, in order to perform a trifling act of politeness to a perfect stranger, one whom she had never seen before, and would never see again. I may only add, that she so far wrought upon the conducteur as to make him uncover and open out his cargo on the roof, and allow me to make those arrangements which circumstances required. "Farewell," said I, as I shook her by the hand, when she was about to move homewards with her aged father, "I wish you much happiness with your family; and you may rest

assured I shall ever bear a grateful recollection of your kindness."

I cannot conclude these desultory observations without endeavouring to point out to parents the extreme propriety of giving their children a knowledge of the French language. To travel in France without knowing the tongue is a great misery, and makes a person little better than one who is deaf and dumb. There can be no doubt that in a few years the intercourse betwixt this country and France will be infinitely greater than at present, and that then it will be greatly for the advantage of many individuals to be able to converse fluently in the French language. Little benefit, as I found by experience, is gained by knowing how to read French, or even speak it, as boys are often taught at schools not kept by adepts. The spoken French is a sort of *short hand*, in which the words are cut down so unmercifully that they are often exceedingly difficult to be comprehended. I would advise no one to proceed to France, presuming upon his school French; unless at the same time he has been in the habit of conversing familiarly with an able master, as that forms the species of education in French which ought to be cultivated most assiduously.

THE SHEEPSTEALING DOG.

IN the pastoral and sequestered district of Tweeddale, where the manners of the people retain a simplicity scarcely known elsewhere, crimes of capital magnitude occur very rarely. There is no want of small offences, perhaps, such as assaults, thefts, and so forth, most of which are punished with a short imprisonment in the tolbooth of Peebles. But it is not above once in an age that a native of this primitive district is doomed to expiate his guilt at Edinburgh or Jedburgh. It might be supposed, that, in the border counties, where at no remote period habits of predatory warfare prevailed, a little cattle-lifting or so would neither be unfrequent nor regarded severely; but this is not the case. Offences against property, if considerable either in kind or in extent, are looked upon with as much horror and reprobation in this province as in any other; the guilty parties are spoken of as lost and unhappy creatures; and their relations generally find it very difficult to stand up against the painful feeling which their name excites, but, leaving the locality, seek to hide their shame in distant countries. Indeed, the few instances of heinous crime which have occurred in Peeblesshire during the last eighty years, are traditionally remembered in almost every particular; and the descendants and collateral relations of the parties, even to the fourth generation, could still be pointed out. Such events become, like the chivalrous adventures of an earlier period, the materials of grandam tales for the amusement of children, to whom they are never related without many a solemn admonition respecting the danger of allowing the heart to be tempted to violence, or the eye to go a-hungering after the goods of another.

Among the narratives of this kind which still entertain the fireside circle in Tweeddale, one of the most remarkable refers to an extraordinary case of sheepstealing, which took place in the year 1772. A young farmer in the neighbourhood of Innerleithen, whose circumstances were supposed to be good, and who was connected with many of the best storefarming families in the county, had been tempted to commit some extensive depredations upon the flocks of his neighbours, in which he was assisted by his shepherd. The pastoral farms of Tweeddale, which generally consist each of a certain range of hilly ground, had in those days no enclosures: their boundaries were indicated only by the natural features of the country. The sheep were, accordingly, liable to wander, and to become intermixed with each other; and at every reckoning of a flock, a certain allowance had to be made for this, as for other contingencies. For some time, Mr William Gibson, tenant in Newby, an extensive farm stretching from the neighbourhood of Peebles to the borders of Selkirkshire, had remarked a surprising increase in the amount of his annual losses. He questioned his shepherds severely, taxed them with carelessness in picking up and bringing home the dead, and plainly intimated that he conceived some unfair dealing to be in progress. The men, finding themselves thus exposed to suspicions of a very painful kind, were as much chagrined as the worthy farmer himself, and kept their minds alive to every circumstance which might tend to afford any elucidation of the mystery. One day, while they were summering their lambs, the eye of a very acute old shepherd named Hyslop was caught by a black-faced ewe which they had formerly missed (for the shepherds generally know every particular member of their

flocks), and which was now suckling its own lamb as if it had never been absent. On inspecting it carefully, it was found to bear an additional *birn* upon its face. Every farmer, it must be mentioned, impresses with a hot iron a particular letter upon the faces of his sheep, as a means of distinguishing his own from those of his neighbours. Mr Gibson's *birn* was the letter T, and this was found distinctly enough impressed on the face of the ewe. But above this mark there was an O, which was known to be the mark of the tenant of Wormiston, the individual already mentioned. It was immediately suspected that this and the other missing sheep had been abstracted by that person; a suspicion which derived strength from the reports of the neighbouring shepherds, by whom, it appeared, the black-faced ewe had been tracked for a considerable way in a direction leading from Wormiston to Newby. It was indeed ascertained that instinctive affection for her lamb had led this animal across the Tweed, and over the lofty heights between Cailzie and Newby; a route of very considerable difficulty, and probably quite different from that by which she had been led away, but the *most direct* that could have been taken. Mr Gibson only stopped to obtain the concurrence of a neighbouring farmer, whose losses had been equally great, before proceeding with some of the legal authorities to Wormiston. Millar, the shepherd, observing the approach of the formidable group, ran off and attempted to hide himself in a field of grain, where he was taken into custody. On arriving at the farm-house, Mr Gibson knocked, and was answered by the unfortunate farmer himself, who, supposing it to be a friendly visit, expressed much pleasure at seeing his neighbour, and desired him to walk in. Mr Gibson, whose feelings were now affected in a way he had not calculated upon, declined the proffered hospitality, and with a choking voice, said that Mr — (here he mentioned the name of a well-known messenger, resident in Peebles) wished to speak to him in the close. "Mr —!" cried the farmer; "what can Mr — want with me?" He retired for a moment into the house, and, after whispering a word or two to his wife, reappeared. Mr Gibson, who was in the passage, saw the unfortunate woman throw her head distractedly upon the table at which she was sitting, and exclaim, "Oh, death, come and break my heart!" The farmer was then conducted with his shepherd to Peebles, where bail to a large amount was in vain offered for them by their friends. On a search of the farm, no fewer than thirty-three score of sheep belonging to various individuals were found, all bearing the condemnatory O above the original *birns*; and it was remarked that there was not a single ewe returned to Grieston, the farm on the opposite bank of the Tweed, which did not *minny* her lambs—that is, assume the character of mother towards the offspring from which she had been separated.

The magnitude of this crime, the rareness of such offences in the district, and the station in life of at least one of the offenders, produced a great sensation in Tweeddale, and caused the elicitation of every minute circumstance that could possibly be discovered respecting the means which had been employed for carrying on such an extensive system of depredation. The most surprising part of the tale is the extent to which it appears that the instinct of dumb animals had been instrumental both in the crime and in its detection. While the farmer seemed to have deputed the business chiefly to his shepherd, the shepherd seemed to have deputed it again, in many instances, to a dog of extraordinary sagacity, which served him in his customary and lawful business. This animal, which bore the name of *Yarrow*, would not only act under his immediate direction in cutting off a portion of a flock, and bringing it home to Wormiston, but is said to have been able to proceed solitarily and by night to a sheep-walk, and there detach certain individuals previously pointed out by its master, which it would drive home by secret ways, without allowing one to straggle. Some very curious particulars of the practices of the two thieves and their quadruped associate are given in an early volume of Blackwood's Magazine, apparently by one who had a minute traditional knowledge of the transaction. These we shall take the liberty of quoting:—

"While returning home," says this authority, "with their stolen droves, they avoided, even in the night, the roads along the banks of the river, or those that descend to the valley through the adjoining glens. They chose rather to come along the ridge of mountains that separate the small river of Leithen from the Tweed. But even here there was sometimes danger, for the shepherds occasionally visit their flocks even before day; and often when Millar had driven his prey from a distance, and while he was yet miles from home, and the weather-gleam of the eastern hills be-

gan to be tinged with the brightening dawn, he has left them to the charge of his dog, and descended himself to the banks of the Leithen, off his way, that he might not be seen connected with their company. Yarrow, although between three and four miles from his master, would continue, with care and silence, to bring the sheep onward to Wormiston, where his master's appearance could be neither a matter of question nor surprise.

Adjoining to the thatched farmhouse was one of those old square towers, or peel-houses, whose picturesque ruins were then seen ornamenting the course of the river, as they had been placed alternately along the north and south bank, generally from three to six hundred yards from it—sometimes on the shin, and sometimes in the hollow of a hill. In the vault of this tower, it was the practice of these men to conceal the sheep they had recently stolen; and while the rest of their people were absent on Sunday at the church, they used to employ themselves in cancelling with their knives the ear-marks, and impressing with a hot iron a large O upon the face, that covered both sides of the animal's nose, for the purpose of obliterating the brand of the true owner. While his accomplices were so busied, Yarrow kept watch in the open air, and gave notice, without fail, by his barking, of the approach of those who were not of the fancy.

That he might vary the scene of his depredations, Millar had one night crossed the Tweed, and betaken himself to a wild farm among the mountains of Selkirkshire; and as the shepherds have wonderfully minute knowledge of localities, he found no difficulty in collecting part of a flock, and bringing away what number he judged convenient. Sheep are very loth to descend a hill in the nighttime, and more so to cross a river. Millar, to keep as clear as possible of the haunts of men, on his return brought his drove over the shoulder of Wallace's hill, opposite, and intended to swim them across a pool in the river Tweed. But his prey being taken from the most remote part of the farm, happened to be mostly old ewes (of all kinds of sheep the most stubborn in their propensities), and all the exertions of a very active man, intimately acquainted with the habits of the animals, and assisted by the most sagacious dog probably ever known, were found inadequate to overcome the reluctance of the sheep to take the river. Millar continued to exert himself until the dawn of the morning warned him that any further effort was inconsistent with his habitual caution. Still he was unwilling to relinquish his booty, since, could he only get the sheep across the river, he was within little more than a quarter of a mile from the old tower. He therefore left the future conduct of the enterprise, as he had often done before, to Yarrow—crossed the river himself, and went home, encouraging the dog by his voice, while he was yet not too distant, so as to risk being heard by some early riser. The trustworthy dog paused not, nor slackened his exertions—the work was now all his own; such had been his efforts, as he furiously and desperately drove in first one flank of the drove and then another, that two of the ewes were forced from the bank into the river, and were drowned, as they could not regain their situations for the pressure of their companions. But he was finally unsuccessful: for he too knew the danger of being seen in the broad light of the morning driving sheep 'where sheep should na be.' The ewes were observed, in the course of the ensuing day, wending their weary way homeward, and half covered with a new keel with which Millar had himself marked them in a small sheepfold in a lonely place on his way. Millar himself was astonished at the stubbornness of the sheep, and the persevering energy of his dog; and he told the story to a respectable sheepfarmer in prison, while under sentence of death.

The farmer and his servant were tried at Edinburgh in January 1773, and the proceedings excited an extraordinary interest, not only in the audience, but among the legal officials. Hyslop, the principal witness, gave so many curious particulars respecting the instincts of sheep and the modes of distinguishing them both by natural and artificial marks, that he was highly complimented by the bench. The evidence closed on the second day at five o'clock, and the speech of the Lord Advocate, with the replies of Messrs Crossbie and Rae, the prisoners' counsel, occupied till eleven. The jury, which was then enclosed, sat till five o'clock next morning (Sunday), when they gave in a verdict, finding the master guilty by a plurality of voices, and the servant unanimously. The counsel for the unfortunate men pleaded for a few days, to prepare some objections to the verdict; and this being granted, the court met once more in February, and took these into consideration. They rested, firstly on the illegality of a verdict given on a Sunday, and secondly on various circumstances which were alleged to be out of rule in the references to the verdict to the indictment and the evidence. All of them were overruled by the court, and sentence was pronounced. The unprecedented step was then taken of an appeal to the House of Peers; but this was decided to be incompetent, and the judgment of the law was accordingly executed.

The general tradition is, that Yarrow was also put to death, though in a less ceremonious manner; but this has probably no other foundation than a *feu d'esprit*, which was cried through the streets of Edinburgh as his dying speech. We are informed by the same writer in Blackwood, that the dog was in reality purchased, after the death of Millar, by a sheepfar-

mer in the neighbourhood, but did not take kindly to honest courses, and his new master having no work of a different kind in which to engage him, he was remarked to show rather less sagacity than the ordinary shepherd's dog.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ELI WHITNEY.

ELI WHITNEY, the Arkwright of America, and one of the most intrepid and persevering improvers that ever lived—whose name, nevertheless, has as yet been totally unknown in Britain—was the son of a respectable farmer at Westborough, Worcester county, Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1765. Very early, young Eli gave striking indications of the mechanical genius for which he afterwards was so distinguished. His education was of a limited character until he had reached the age of nineteen, when he conceived the idea of entering a college. Accordingly, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, he prepared himself, partly by means of the profits of his manual labour, partly by teaching a village school, for the freshman class in the university of New Haven, which he entered May 1789. Soon after he took his degree in the autumn of 1792, he entered into an engagement with a gentleman of Georgia, to reside in his family as a private teacher. But on his arrival in that state, he found that another teacher had been employed, and he was left entirely without resources. Fortunately, however, among the passengers in the vessel in which he sailed, was Mrs Greene, the widow of the celebrated general, who had given him an invitation to spend some time at her residence at Mulberry Grove, near Savannah; and on learning his disappointment, she benevolently insisted upon his making her house his home until he had prepared himself for the bar, as was his intention.

Whitney had not been long in her family before a complete turn was given to his views. A party of gentlemen, on a visit to Mrs Greene, having fallen into a conversation upon the state of agriculture among them, expressed great regret that there was no means of cleansing the green seed cotton, or separating it from its seed, remarking, that until ingenuity could devise some machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleansing, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. "Gentlemen," said Mrs Greene, "apply to my young friend Mr Whitney: he can make any thing." She then conducted them into a neighbouring room, where she showed them a number of specimens of his genius. The gentlemen were next introduced to Whitney himself; and when they named their object, he replied that he had never seen either cotton or cotton seed during his life. But the idea was engendered; and it being out of season for cotton in the seed, he went to Savannah, and searched among the warehouses and boats until he found a small portion of it. This he carried home, and set himself to work with such rude materials and instruments as a Georgia plantation afforded. With these resources, however, he made tools better suited to his purpose, and drew his own wire, of which the teeth of the earliest gins were made, which was an article not at that time to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs Greene and Mr Miller, a gentleman who, having first come into the family of General Greene as a private tutor, afterwards married his widow, were the only persons admitted into his workshop, who knew in what way he was employing himself. The many hours he spent in his mysterious pursuits afforded matter of great curiosity, and often of raillery, to the younger members of the family. Near the close of the winter, the machine was so nearly completed as to leave no doubt of its success. Mrs Greene then invited to her house gentlemen from different parts of the state; and on the first day after they had assembled, she conducted them to a temporary building which had been erected for the machine, and they saw with astonishment and delight that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labour of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in the space of many months.

We have in vain searched the best British encyclopædias for a description of the machine which Mr Whitney thus constructed, but we learn from the Encyclopædia Americana that it consisted chiefly of a process of circular saws, which by a rotatory motion dragged the cotton betwixt wires, leaving the seeds to fall to the bottom, while the cotton so cleaned was carried off by a rotatory brush playing upon the saws. An invention so important to the agricultural interest, and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry, could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the state; and so great was the excitement on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of it to see the machine;

but it was not deemed prudent to gratify their curiosity until the patent right had been secured. So determined, however, were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor justice could restrain them; they broke open the building by night, and carried off the machine. In this way the public became possessed of the invention; and before Mr Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent right. A short time after this, he entered into partnership with Mr Miller, who, having considerable funds at command, proposed to him to become his joint adventurer, and to be at the whole expense of maturing the invention until it should be patented. If the machine succeeded in its intended operation, the parties agreed to share equally all the profits and advantages accruing from it. The instrument of their partnership bears date May 27, 1793.

Immediately afterwards, Mr Whitney repaired to Connecticut, where, as far as possible, he was to perfect the machine, obtain a patent, and manufacture and ship for Georgia such a number of machines as would supply the demand. On June 20, 1793, he presented his petition for a patent to Mr Jefferson, then secretary of state; but the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, at that period the seat of government, prevented his concluding the business until several months afterwards. We have not space sufficient at our disposal to give a satisfactory detail of the obstacles and misfortunes which for a long time hindered the partners from reaping those advantages from the invention which it should have procured for them, and which they had an ample right to expect. These difficulties arose principally from the innumerable violations of their patent right, by which they were involved in various, almost interminable, lawsuits. The legislature of South Carolina purchased, in 1801, their right for that state for the sum of fifty thousand dollars—a mere "song," to use Whitney's own phrase, "in comparison with the worth of the thing; but it was securing something." It enabled them to pay the debts which they had contracted, and divide something between them. In the following year, Mr Whitney negotiated a sale of his patent right with the state of North Carolina, the legislature of which laid a tax of two shillings and sixpence upon every saw (and some of the gins had forty saws) employed in ginning cotton, to be continued for five years, which sum was to be collected by the sheriffs in the same manner as the public taxes; and after deducting the expenses of collection, the proceeds were faithfully paid over to the patentees. No small portion, however, of the funds thus obtained in the two Carolinas, was expended in carrying on the fruitless lawsuits which it was deemed necessary to prosecute in Georgia. A gentleman who was well acquainted with Mr Whitney's affairs in the south, and sometimes acted as his legal adviser, observed, that in all his experience in the thorny profession of the law, he had never seen a case of such perseverance under such persecution; "nor," he adds, "do I believe that I ever knew any other man who would have met them with equal coolness and firmness, or who would have obtained even the partial success which he had."

There have indeed been but few instances in which the author of such inestimable advantages to a whole country as those which accrued from the invention of the cotton gin to the Southern States, was so harshly treated, and so inadequately compensated, as the subject of this sketch. He did not exaggerate when he said that it raised the value of those states from fifty to one hundred per cent. "If we should assert," said Judge Johnson, "that the benefits of this invention exceed one hundred millions of dollars, we can prove the assertion by correct calculation." Besides the violations of his right, he had to struggle against the efforts of malevolence and self-interest to deprive him of the honour of the invention, which he did triumphantly. In 1803, the entire responsibility of the whole concern devolved upon him, in consequence of the death of Mr Miller. In 1812, he made application to Congress for the renewal of his patent. In his memorial he presented a history of the difficulties which he had been forced to encounter in defence of his right, observing that he had been unable to obtain any decision on the merits of his claim until he had been eleven years in the law, and thirteen years of his patent term had expired. He set forth that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States; that, as a labour-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand men; and that it furnishes to the whole family of mankind, at a very cheap rate, the most essential article of their clothing. Hence he humbly conceived himself entitled to a farther remuneration from his country, and thought he ought to be admitted to a more liberal participation with his fellow-citizens in the benefits of his invention. It does, we must confess (says Mr Whitney's American biographer), strike us with no little surprise, that the southern planters, gentlemen who enjoy a great and just reputation for elevation and generosity of character, should not have taken some means of conveying to Mr Whitney an adequate and substantial testimony of the gratitude which they must have felt towards one to whom they were so incalculably indebted. So far, however, from this having been the case, even

the application just mentioned was rejected by Congress on account of the warm opposition it experienced from a majority of the southern members.

Some years before, in 1798, Mr Whitney, impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes founded on the cotton gin, had engaged in another enterprise, which conducted him, by slow but sure steps, to a competent fortune. This was the manufacture of arms for the United States. He first obtained a contract through the influence of Oliver Wolcott, at that time secretary of the treasury, for ten thousand stand of arms, amounting to one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars, which was to be fulfilled within a little more than two years. This was a great undertaking, as may be inferred from the facts, that the works were all to be erected, the machinery was to be made, and much of it to be invented; the raw materials were to be collected from different quarters, and the workmen themselves, almost without exception, were yet to learn the trade. The impediments he was obliged to remove were too numerous and great to allow him to fulfil his stipulation as to time, and eight years instead of two elapsed before the muskets were all completed. The entire business relating to the contract was not closed until January 1809, when (so liberally had the government made advances to the contractor) the final balance due Mr Whitney was only two thousand four hundred dollars. It is universally conceded that his superior genius and industry greatly contributed to the improvement of the manufacture of arms, and indeed to the general advancement of arts and manufactures; for many of his inventions for facilitating the making of muskets were applicable to most other manufactures of iron and steel.

In 1812, he entered into a new contract with the United States for fifteen thousand stand of arms, and in the meantime executed a similar engagement for the state of New York. In January 1817, he married the youngest daughter of Pierpont Edwards, late judge of the district court for the state of Connecticut. For the five subsequent years he continued to enjoy domestic happiness, a competent fortune, and an honourable reputation, when he was attacked by a fatal malady, an enlargement of the prostate gland, which, after causing great and protracted suffering, terminated his life on the 8th of January 1825. In person, Mr Whitney was considerably above the ordinary size, of a dignified carriage, and of an open, manly, and agreeable countenance. His manners were conciliatory, and his whole appearance such as to inspire respect. He possessed great serenity of temper, though he had strong feelings, and a high sense of honour. Perseverance was a striking trait in his character. Every thing that he attempted he effected as far as possible. In the relations of private life, he enjoyed the affection and esteem of all with whom he was connected.

THE GENTLE ART.

FLIES.

A GREAT deal has been offered upon this matter by various writers, which we deem absurd and unnecessary. Trout are no doubt nice and capricious feeders; but any pretensions in anglers to classify and distinguish their favourite flies, according to the month, are totally without reason. The colours of water and sky are the only indicators which can lead us to select the most killing hook, and even these are often deceptive. We have fished in one stream where dark, and, in the next, red flies, took the lead. There is no trusting to the fancy in certain places. On Tweed, we have seen it veer about, like the wind, in one moment, without a note of preparation. Most rivers, however, are more steady; and when the water is of a moderate size, may be relied on with at most two sorts of flies all the year round. For ourselves, our maximum in every Scottish stream is reduced to only four descriptions of artificial flies, with one or other of which we engage to catch trout over all the kingdom. Knowledge and practice have convinced us of the needlessness of storing up endless and perplexing varieties, which some do, to look knowing and scientific.

Foremost is the fly commonly called the professor's, after Professor Wilson of Edinburgh. The wings are formed of a mottled, brown feather, taken from the mallard or wild-drake; the body is of yellow floss silk, rather longish, and wound about close to the head with a fine red or black hackle; tails are often used, but we think them unnecessary. Instead of a yellow silk body, we sometimes adopt one of pale green, especially in loch fishing. Our next fly is of a sombre cast. The wings are formed of the woodcock, snipe, or lark feather, it is no matter which; the body is of hare's ear, darker or lighter, as it pleases the fancy. Our third fly is dubbed with mouse or water-rat hair, and hath wings of the starling or the fieldfare. Our last is a plain hackle, black or red, without wings, and called commonly the palmer.

These flies are almost our only sorts for trouting with, and we have them of all sizes, down to the minutest midge.

And now, as to the manner of dressing them, we shall be fitly brief, inasmuch as careful instructions on this point are to be met with in most works upon angling. These, however, are over-complex and refined to be readily understood and followed; and therefore we shall unfold in a few sentences our more simple method. Practice alone can bestow neatness and expedition in this kind of manufacture, which, we opine, is needful for all zealous anglers. Our materials for the making-up of flies are as follow:—Hooks, and small round gut; a pair of brass nippers for twisting hackles; a point for dividing the wings; a pair of fine scissors; orange, yellow, and green silk thread of all sizes; good cobblers' wax inclosed in a piece of soft leather; a hare's ear; some brown wild-drake, teal, and pheasant feathers; the fur of a mouse, squirrel, and water-rat; a few wings of lark, snipe, landrail, and starling; and lastly, red and black hackles, taken from the neck and head of an old cock at Christmas; these should be fully formed and free from softness. Plovers' herls, and those of the peacock, are used by some, yet we deem them superfluous, as also tinsel, except for large flies.

Commencing your operations, the first step is to lay out the intended wings and body before you; wax your silk, and applying one end of it to the gut and hook together, wrap them both round four or five times, commencing a little below the end of the shank, and proceeding downwards; you then fasten, by drawing the disengaged end of the thread through under the last turn of the wrapping. Work the silk upwards to where you commenced, then take your wings, which are still unseparated, and lay them along your hook, so that their extremity or tips shall reach its curve; twirl the thread twice round the upper part, which lies along the shank top; then, taking it under, press firm, and clip off the unnecessary portion of the feather; divide with your point or penknife, so as to form the two wings; take up the silk betwixt them, and wrapping again round at the head, bring it back crosswise; then lift your hackle, and lay the root of it down along your hook, whip the thread over, as far as your first fastening, seize the top of the hackle with your nippers, and whirl it round in the same manner; fasten and lengthen the body to your liking with fresh floss silk; fasten once more, and your fly is made. This last fastening ought in our opinion to be the same as that used in arming bait-hooks, for which we quote Hawkins's directions:—"When you are within about four turns of the bend of the hook, take the shank between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and place the silk close by it, holding them both tight, and leaving the end to hang down; then draw the other part of the silk into a large loop, and with your right hand turning backwards, continue the whipping for four turns, and draw the end of the silk (which has all this while hung down under the root of your left thumb) close, and twirl it off." When the body of your fly is required to be of hare's ear or mouse skin, pull out a small quantity of the fur, and lay it along the silk, after the wings are formed; twist together, and then wrap as if the thread were bare, and fasten as above. In making flies, keep all tight, guard against heavy wings and much dubbing; the fibres of your hackle ought to be short and lie near the head of the fly; they are intended to resemble legs, which in the real insect are always so placed. Such is our method of fly-dressing, commendable both for its simplicity and expedition. It differs, we find, somewhat from that generally practised, being in a manner self-taught, and not encumbered with any unnecessary display. And here let us notice what we have seen broached concerning artificial flies, namely, that they are seized by trout for no likeness that they possess to any living insect, but merely because of their motion and seeming self-existence. We can barely see what is meant by this distinction. The illustration, however, follows. Anglers may observe, say these theorists, that when fish rise well, they will not refuse your most maimed and torn imitation; nay, a bare hook, with hardly a vestige of feather upon it, will entice them as readily as your most carefully dressed fly. This we admit, for we are of opinion that colour and size alone cause the allurements needful to raise trout, and that shape is of small matter. Still we have no doubt that the artificial fly is taken as a known and particular insect: sometimes in a drowning and sometimes in an active condition; since, be it observed, in many rivers the caprice of trout is truly remarkable on this point, and they will reject at times, and on clear water, where every

insect is visible, those very flies which shortly before were seized with avidity; and this rejection is owing, as may be seen, to a new succession of ephemera, occasioned by an atmospheric change, at which period the imitation alone, as far as concerns colour and size, is the proper persuasive wherewith to ensnare fish. Yet, with regard to the artificial salmon fly, we pretend not to guess for what it is taken, as, from the manner of using it, its motions are altogether unlike those of any insect existing, and very unlike those of the dragon-fly, which it is made to resemble. We therefore agree with the theorists as to it, that it is taken by hungry fish foolishly and ignorantly, and on account merely of its seeming existence.

While on salmon flies, we may notice the most effective kinds for Scottish rivers. These may be reduced to five or six; and first, the professor's on a large scale, with its mallard wings, yellow silk body, and red or black hackles, only let the hackles be brought down somewhat farther on the hook than is done on the trouting fly. Second, wings of a mottled turkey or pheasant tail feather, with brown or lemon-coloured mohair body, thread of gold tinsel, and light brown hackle; the upper part, to resemble the head, may be varied with a little dark mohair or a black hackle. Third, a dark fly, winged with deep brown turkey feather, and white tips; the body of black or purple mohair, black hackle and silver tinsel, with a scarlet or crimson tuft at the tail, and yellowish head. (These three are excellent flies for Tweed and Tay.) Fourth, a gaudy fly, with wings of the guinea-fowl or teal feather, scarlet or carmine-coloured mohair body, and scarlet hackle, to be used when the water is rather turbid. Fifth, a light blue or green body under dark hackles, with mallard, teal, turkey, or ash-coloured wings, and tinselled according to the mood of the water (a first-rate fly for the rivers in Argyleshire). A sixth, formed with yellow wings and hackles, although a glaring fly, we have seen used on Clyde with great success. Peacock feathers sometimes make excellent wings and tufts for our Scottish stream fishing. Salmon flies are of different sizes, according to the seasons, and are not always regulated in this respect, as some aver, by the mood of the water. A large hook ought to be used when the fish first begin to ascend, and especially near the sea. Smaller ones are most successful high up, and during close-time. After the salmon have spawned they become less shy, and on their return to the salt water will leap almost at any sort of insect. We are of opinion that at times a small wren would be no bad lure for these fish, at any rate more acceptable than those showy imitations of kingfishers often used.

And now, let us notice how the changes of water and sky influence fish in their choice of flies; and first, as to the water. When a stream is small and clear, a hare's ear body, especially during spring, kills well; also the dun or mouse-body fly and small black hackles at a later season. If large and brown, the red professor suits best; next to it a plain palmer, both of which are efficient all the year over. When in ordinary trim, we angle with any sort, being more nice concerning the size than the colour of our flies; and this we remark that in much-used rivers the trout reject large insects, and rise freest at midges and the smaller ephemera. This is particularly visible on the Clyde about Lanark, where a very minute fly is requisite; and yet on this river, during summer, large fish are caught with the green-drake and May-flies, in opposition to the general liking. In Highland streams trout are by no means so sagacious as fish as in those of the south. You may catch them with bread and cheese at the end of a cable, they are so wrapt in greed and ignorance. Treat them invariably to large hooks, for their gullets are wondrously capacious, and they make no objections to honest rations. Give them red and black flies in abundance, the most tough, indigestible morsels you can well invent; they have no false appetites about them, and scorn your tit-bits and nail-lengths. As to the influence of the sky in determining the food of fish, let it be noted that artificial flies are taken best on dull windy days, when natural ones are rare; also in the mornings and evenings, during bright hot weather. A powerful sun, however, is unfavourable for fly-fishing, as it breeds huge swarms of insects for trout to feed on, and also relaxes their inclination to stir freely. Close weather, portending thunder or rain, white clouds, and a storm, all hinder fish from rising well. During such times they remain near the bottom, or in their usual hiding-places. Warm summer nights bring good sport if the fly angled with be large and black. A crow's feather wrapt round a bait-hook may be used successfully, especially in deep still waters and lochs, near the side, where the hugest fish prowls in search of food. White flies in imitation of moths are next thing to useless, though many anglers advise them. Recommend us always to pitch black flies for night-fishing. Many is the monster we have hooked, not a yard's distance from the shore, with this expedient. What they are taken for, nobody knows; beetles or mice, it is of little consequence. Loch flies in general should be large, and in spring of a dark colour, progressively becoming lighter the nearer you approach autumn. Green bodies we have found excellent in many places, especially in Highland lochs. Some anglers greatly use the natural fly at certain seasons, and no doubt it is a killing bait, but somewhat troublesome to collect. The May-flies are those best adapted for this kind of

angling. They ought to be gathered previously from under stones by the water-side, and kept in a small flannel bag. When used, transfix two on your hook at the same time, and angle as you would with worm, only nearer the surface, and with a short line.

IRISH SKETCHES.

[From Ingli's Journey in Ireland in 1834.]

I FOUND the city of Kilkenny a large, well-built, beautifully situated, and very interesting town. In fact, I scarcely know any town more interesting or more picturesque. There are many streets in Kilkenny, though only one principal one, where the best shops are situated; and although Kilkenny is not what it has been, it is still a little capital for this part of Ireland, and supplies both the surrounding gentry and the country dealers.

Kilkenny is full of interesting objects and remains. In my first walk through the town, I saw for the first time one of the "round towers." It is close to and almost forms a part of the cathedral, a large ancient pile, surrounded by venerable trees. One must be an antiquary, in order to be a thorough enthusiast in round towers; at the same time, the singular form, and great height, and dark hue, and known antiquity, and mystery too, attached to these pillars, must be striking to any one, however little of an antiquary.

But let me leave externals, and ask, in what state are the people of Kilkenny? I wish I could have contemplated their situation with as much complacency and pleasure as I did the city itself, and the natural beauties that surround it: but I am compelled to say, that I found the most wide-spread and most aggravated misery. The population of Kilkenny is about 25,000; and I can state, after the most anxious inquiry and personal observation, that there were at the time I visited Kilkenny upwards of 2000 persons without employment. I visited the factories. The principal of these used to support two hundred men with their families: it was at eleven o'clock, a fair working hour, that I visited these mills, and how many men did I find at work? ONE MAN! And how many of the eleven wheels did I find going? ONE; and that one, not for the purpose of driving machinery, but to prevent it from rotting. In place of finding men occupied, I saw them in scores, like spectres, walking about, and lying about the mill. I saw immense piles of goods completed, but for which there was no sale. I saw piles of cloth at 2s. a-yard, with which a man might clothe himself from head to foot for 10s.; but there were no buyers: the poor of Kilkenny are clothed from Monmouth Street. I saw heaps of blankets, enough to furnish every cabin in the county; and I saw every loom idle. As for the carpets which had excited the jealousy and fears of Kidderminster, not one had been made for seven months; it was but an experiment, and had utterly failed: and just to convey some idea of the destitution of these people, when an order recently arrived for the manufacture of as many blankets for the police as would have kept the men at work a few weeks, bonfires were lighted about the country—not bonfires to communicate insurrection, but to evince joy that a few starving men were about to earn bread to support their families.

I spent part of a day on a race-ground, about four miles from Kilkenny, where some steeple races took place, and where a large concourse of persons was assembled. I was particularly struck with the difference in the display of luxuries at an Irish and an English merry-making. Gingerbread and other dainties are exhibited at a race or fair in England; here I observed carts filled with good common household bread. This was deemed a luxury.

This being an assemblage of "Kilkenny boys," who, next to Tipperary boys, bear the best fighting character, I thought to have had it to say, "it's there where one 'll see the fightin' that 'll do his heart good;" but several things prevented this exhibition. There was but little money among the lower orders to buy whisky; and torrents of rain had the effect of thinning the field. I saw plenty of "boys" with their shillelahs, but the fighting was only desultory. There were abundance of booths, and Irish pipes, and Irish jigs, and "boys" who appeared to have hired a fiddler for their own exclusive use, dancing a *pas seul* within a circle of admirers.

A charming country lies between Kilkenny and Freshford, the first town on the road. The views, looking back on Kilkenny, are very striking; and the banks of the Nore, near to which our road lay, are finely wooded, and are adorned by several handsome country seats. I was every where delighted with the magnificent thorns, which, both in the hedges by the wayside, and as single trees in the neighbouring parks, were entirely covered with their white, pink, and fragrant blossoms. Freshford is a poor little place; but I saw multitudes of pigs and mountains of manure about the doors.

From Freshford to Johnstown, where we stopped to breakfast, the country is less interesting; the fields were so completely covered with daisies, that they appeared as if spread over with lime; and I observed a greater quantity of pasture land than I had usually

seen. Beyond Johnstown to Urlingford, three miles farther, the country gets poorer; and Urlingford stands almost on the skirts of the Bog of Allen, a branch of which we soon after entered. Of all the bogs of Ireland, we hear most in England of the Bog of Allen; the reason of which is, that it is the largest, extending through a great part of the centre of Ireland; and although separated and intersected by belts of arable land, by gravel hills, and by reclaimed portions of land, is, with all its branches, one bog—the Bog of Allen. The branch which we crossed extended about twelve miles to the left; and to the right it broke into several branches, extending to a much greater distance. It presented a dreary expanse of dark-brown herbage, here and there broken by heaps of dry turf; here and there, too, little patches had been reclaimed; and wherever there was an elevation, it was covered with the finest green, agreeably relieving the monotony of the reddish-brown level around. The houses erected on the skirts of the bog were wretched in the extreme, and the people in the lowest scale of humanity.

The second day I spent at Cashel was market day; and among other sights I was greatly amused by the country people driving bargains for pigs. A man, a pig-dealer, would come to a countryman who held a pig by a string. "How much do you ask?" "28s." the answer might be. "Hold out your hand," says the buyer; and the proprietor of the pigs holds out his hand accordingly; the buyer places a penny in it, and then strikes it with a force that might break the back of an ox: "Will ye take 20s.?" The other shakes his head—"Ask 24s., and see if I'll give it ye," says the pig-merchant. The owner again shakes his head. It is probable that by this time some one among the bystanders—for there is always a circle formed round a bargain-making—endeavours to accommodate matters; for it is another instance of the kindly feeling towards each other, that all around are anxious that the bargain should be concluded. Again the merchant says, "Hold out your hand," and again a tremendous blow is struck, and a new offer made, till at last they come within a shilling perhaps of each other's terms, when the bargain is struck; and the shilling about which they differed, and probably two or three others, are spent in whisky punch "screeching hot."

Sitting in the evening at the window of the inn, I saw a sight such as I never saw in any other part of the world—a lad twelve years of age, and upwards, naked in the street. I say naked: I do not mean without a rag; but I mean so entirely in rags, that he might as well have been stark naked. All he had on him was a jacket, and a few tatters of a shirt, hanging in stripes here and there. Public decency would not permit such a sight in England; and viewing such a spectacle, one is tempted to ask, is there no clergyman, no magistrate, no decent man in Cashel, who, for the sake of sheer modesty, would throw a pair of trousers to the ragamuffin? When I was at Cashel, potatoes had become so dear, that bread was partly substituted for them by the poor. A baker's shop chanced to be situated precisely opposite to the inn; and I saw very many children buy a halfpenny worth of bread, and divide it into two or three pieces, for the supper of as many.

I now left Cashel for the town of Tipperary. Tipperary county, with the exception, I believe, of some parts of Limerick, is considered to contain the finest land in Ireland; and certainly nothing can exceed the fertility and abundance which are spread over the fields.

A WINTER IN HOLLAND.

The frost having set in, which is usually the case in November, the milkmen (*melk boezers*) are amongst the first to cross the ice, which is at first so thin that the greatest precaution is necessary to save life. A Dutchman even looks at these fellows with surprise, when he sees them crossing the vast sheet of ice which covers the Y, the harbour of Amsterdam, having their sledges, containing four or five barrels with milk fastened to each other with a strong cord, every man to his sledge on skates, the train going rapidly across the ice, choosing the safest path. Should it happen that one of these sledges is about to go through, their being fastened to each other prevents its loss. The weight of the train, and all hands at work, in a few minutes you see them again gliding along with great rapidity. In a day or two, should the frost continue, friends invite friends to cross *op schaatsen* (on skates) the Y to those favourite and cleanly spots Brock and Waterland, and they would not be taken by surprise should some gentlemen be passing them in their yachts (*plaisier schuytjens*), having placed bars of iron under their bottoms, after the manner of skates, in full sail; and should there be a tolerable breeze, they'll outrun the skater. Coupled with these amusements, the nobility and gentry are not behind hand with their horses and sledges, which, in Holland, are called *narren*; the horses are usually ornamented with bells of bright steel or other metal, and while running give warning to the skater. Horse-racing often takes place, the horse being well shod with prongs. A company of a dozen and half-dozen of ladies and gentlemen may be seen gliding along, holding on to a long ornamented stick, having a good skater in front and behind, the ladies being placed on one side of the stick and the gentlemen on the other, keeping time. At this time

the ice is so strong, that certain places, in fact, almost any part of it, would not sink under a heavy country waggon. The Dutch are capable of skating seventy or eighty miles in the country. On leaving their homes, in Amsterdam, for a skating journey, they may be on their skates in five minutes, and continue their journey till they reach Rotterdam. Small obstructions are not considered here, a Dutchman walking on his skates over land in passing a sluys, &c.

STATISTICS WORTH KNOWING.

In Great Britain, the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of fifteen to sixty, is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been remarked, that in sixty-three of these unions, there were only three which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,703 yearly, which makes nearly 25,592 monthly, 6398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are in proportion to those of the men as 50 to 54. The married women live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country, the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is four; in towns, the proportion is seven for every two marriages. The number of married women is to the general number of individuals of the sex as one to three; and the number of married men, to that of all the individuals of the male sex, as three to five. The number of widows is to that of widowers as three to one; but the number of widows who marry again is to that of widowers in the same case, as seven to four. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of 17 years. The number of twins is to that of ordinary births as 1 to 65. According to calculations founded upon the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3126 attains the age of 100 years. The number of births of the male sex is to that of the female sex as 96 to 95.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may indeed find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long-known and long-loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred."—*Greenwood.*

SHE WAS A PHANTOM.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes are stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

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